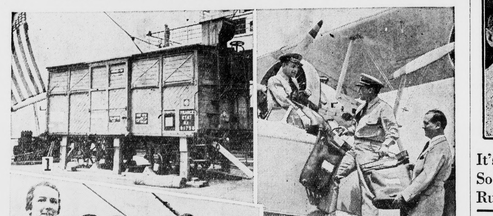
Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—One of the original French freight cars of war times, marked "40 hommes, 8 chevaux," brought to the United States as a gift to Legionnaires of Detroit from the French war veterans. 2—Members of the British women's lacrosse team arriving at New York for a series of games against American women's teams. 3—Loading mail on a navy seaplane at Miami to be transported to President Roosevelt at his fishing grounds near the Bahamas.

Head and Tail Light Safety Aid for Walkers

Device May Cut Toll of Accidents

Cat's eye mirrors, which act as headlights and tail-lights, are advised by Registrar of Motor Vehicles Frank A. Goodwin to cut down the toll of death on Massachusetts highways. These women pedestrians illustrate how they would be fastened over the dress (or suit) to warn approaching automobiles of the person's presence. The plan is said to be enjoying a wide vogue in England.

How He'll Be Spoiled With 11 Grandparents

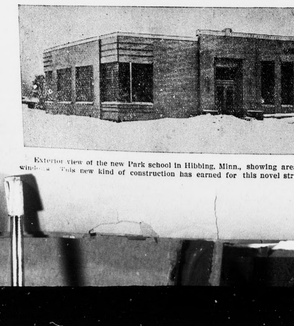
Oregon City, Ore.—A prominent member of grandparents for a baby was believed established when Melvin Markley Clarke was born to Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Clarke. Eleven persons are grandparents. However, he has a dearth of other relatives, having no brothers or sisters and only one uncle and one aunt.

Luxury for Trans-Atlantic Air Travelers

This is the dining salon of the Ven Idensburg, the new German Zeppelin, which is to make its first test flight to Lakehurst, N. J., this summer. The ship is 815 feet long, 135 feet in diameter, and will carry a crew of 35, 50 passengers, and 10 tons of freight. The dining salon is within the hull and has an observation promenade with sloping windows.

The new liner is named in honor of General Paul Von Hindenburg, famous German general in the World war, who later became president of the German republic. The Zeppelin has been given exhaustive tests at Friedrichshaven, Germany, by its makers.

"Glass" Schoolhouse Tried Out in Minnesota



Exterior view of the new Park school in Hibbing, Minn., showing areas of vacuum glass brick replacing the usual windows. This new kind of construction has earned for this novel structure the title of the "Glass" schoolhouse.

© New York Post—WNU Service.

It's Vacation Time So Let Guests Run the Column

Hugh Bradley is vacationing. And so, this week his shoes are filled by Mr. Jacob Ruppert, owner of the New York Yankees, Chick Meehan, Manhattan college football coach and John G. Jackson, president of the United States Golf association.

By Col. Jacob Ruppert

I GUESS I was born with a couple of silver spoons in my mouth.

By that I mean that the man is twice lucky who can combine recreation with business the way I have been doing the last twenty-odd years since I bought the Yankees with Colonel Huston. And seven years later I owned the club all by myself. I never regretted either transaction.

I would do it all over again gladly. Every day I like baseball better. The game has its headaches—but its thrills, too. And what business doesn't have a headache? The winning hit in the ninth inning with the bases full leaves me as limp as a kid—and just owning a ball club has its kick, too.

Just now I've discovered a new one in the chain store system. I didn't believe in the Branch Rickey idea at first; then I realized that it was the fairest system to the ball player. Tying a string to a young player and sending him out on option doesn't give him a fair chance to make the most of his ability.

Now more are seven cities in the Yankee chain. We're developing some of our own players

Col. Ruppert

Joe DiMaggio will probably be our last big purchase.

I like to sit back in my grandstand seat and watch the youngsters fight their way up through the different classifications to their big moment—opening day at the Yankee stadium.

No psychologist could ask for a better opportunity to study character. It's a study of temperament and actions. It's mighty interesting to see how the boy reacts to his opening. Some of them keep hustling all the time. Others let up well enough alone.

The hardest thing is to change a lazy youngster into a hustler of the Ty Cobb type. It's really quite a problem. Ball playing is a natural gift like being an actor, a lawyer or a great singer. There is always the man who immediately steps to the front.

My first love was horse racing, but it doesn't even run second as baseball. The thrill in a horse race lasts only a couple of minutes. A ball game lasts two hours.

But baseball is a game for sunshine. That's why I'm against night baseball for the big leagues. It will never come to stay. The fan likes his seat in the sun.

I think some of the club owners raised the cry of "World!" too quickly. Baseball is a business and it felt the depression the same as any other business. Now the people have become accustomed to the depression, have adjusted themselves to it—and baseball picked up last year.

Yankees of '27 Were Best Club Ever

I've been asked if I ever expect to get another team like Ruth. If I said no it would be in the nature of a baseball bromide. About all I can do is hope. That's one of the charms of the game—you never know what you may dig up.

My best ball club was the Yanks of 1927. It was the best club ever put together. It could come through any time.

But don't make the mistake of belittling my present Yankees. Gehrig and Gomez are sure to have better years, and the operation on Crosetti's knee was successful. Rolfe and Selkirk are improved players and Roy Johnson shapes up well for the outfield. I wouldn't swap my pitching staff for any in the league.

Naturally the Tigers are the team to beat. They have come through twice in a row. Gehringer and Cochrane still need pitchers. But are pretty powerful looking otherwise. I always fear the Indians.

Well, it's still a great game—the game we all love, player and fan and owner alike. If I could develop another Ruth in my chain stores I want to say that it would make up for all the losses you have to take in the minors. It would make up for them financially and in the pride of achievement.

But there's no kick in winning all the time. I don't even know that I want my Yankees to be 100 per cent perfect.

By Chick Meehan

DOING a guest column for Hugh Bradley is a cheerful reminder of the pleasant visits we had every Saturday night during the football season.

Chick Meehan

At the end of last season the football interest of the country was concentrated on the Southwest and many people have wondered how that came about. The only explanation that I can give is that football, with its interest and wild enthusiasm, has reached fever heat in different territories throughout the United States at different times, Texas was the latest.

Back in the old days when football was getting its foothold as a national game the Big Three dominated the East to such an extent that when All-American teams were picked at the end of the season eight of the eleven would be members of the Big Three and the few selections that remained would be made mostly from the other large colleges in the East. From the East the enthusiasm spread to the Midwest and reached such glowing heights that the Western conference, composed of the Big Ten institutions in the Midwest, was formed.

This was a fine move for football, as well as the individual colleges, since each college in the Midwest was anxious to outdo the others and the conference served as a check on every member of the group.

From the Midwest, football moved into the Missouri valley, and I believe the game in the Missouri valley, over a long period of years, has progressed on a more even keel than in any section in the United States.

The South came along next, with John Heisenman's Georgia Tech Golden Tornado leading the parade. Every southern institution has had great teams at one time or another ever since, and in my opinion, southern football always will be of the first grade, because the preliminary training season comes in February. All the Dixie coaches take advantage of six or eight weeks of practice, with the result that their teams are the best ball handlers in the country.

Southwest Is Now Football Stronghold

Following the South, the wild wave of enthusiasm brought great football teams to the west coast. A man named Henderson, who coached Southern California, and has since been forgotten, did more to stimulate interest in the sport on the coast than any of the others who have since succeeded him.

Now we come to the Southwest. When S. M. U. and Louisiana State, which is considered a southwestern team, although it is in the Southern conference, stepped out and showed the way, it didn't take long for Texas Christian, Texas U., and Texas A. and M. to fall in line. This is the sizzling hotbed of football of the nation today and, with the Texas Centennial going on this year, it should be even hotter.

Incidentally, Manhattan, the college that always meets a team on its rise, will be down there to play Texas A. and M. in the closing game of our schedule, after which, if conscious, I will be able to tell you much more about football in the Southwest.

By John G. Jackson

Cities throughout the country are becoming aware of the fact that many of the prominent executives of today are drawn from the ranks of public links golfers and are hastening to complete bigger and better public courses, such as the one at Bethpage State park in Farmingdale, L. I., where the national championship is to be played. Not only are the courses being improved—and they can stand it—but the accommodations for the players, taking the form of more commodious clubhouses, are also being bettered.

This development of public links golf is bound, in an extremely short time, to react to the benefit of private clubs and the game of golf itself. Youngsters, now unable to stand the tariff at private club membership, are getting a sound grounding in the game, one that will stand them in good stead when, they can afford to join a club.

The growth of public links is merely another indication that the game is ever growing, never static. It is improving and developing from year to year, with promising youngsters continually popping up into the headlines to serve as a spur to other youths.

Golf Attendance Ruled by Talent

We have found, in the past, that golf attendance is ruled more by the caliber of the competition than by the size of the purse. As typical of the outstanding example of that principle, I can best refer to the case of Bobby Jones. When Bobby was in his prime, he could jam the galleries and make the marshals' work a nightmare no matter where he was playing. There's no one today, in either pro or amateur ranks, comparable to him as a drawing card.

The average golfer probably does not realize just how much tournament receipts mean to golf and the United States Golf association. In proof I offer figures from a recent report of the executive committee, which show that over a period of nine years a net disbursement of 98 per cent of the dues paid by member clubs was devoted to the work of the greens section.

Police Find Family Living in Unused Court Building

New Orleans police rushed to the third floor of the old Criminal Courts building, which isn't used much any more, and extinguished a fire. The police discovered a tenant, Irving Young, a printer, who said he and his wife had been light housekeeping in one of the courtrooms for 18 months. Cause of the fire was undetermined.

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

She could have reconciled him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in big frequent colds, his "fagged out" feelings and headaches the very trouble she herself had wrapped. Constipation! The cause of many sorrows! After taking NR (Nature's Remedy), she, in turn, astounded him by the way she herself became alert, peppy, cheerful, full of pep, friendlier, all-organs-active. NR is a tonic laxative and corrective—a purely vegetable combination discovered by a physician specializing in intestinal tract troubles. Gentle, regular function. No habit forming. Try NR tonight. 25c at druggists.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW A BOY!

Why Be Lonesome?

"One travels fastest who travels alone," but his traveling becomes a perfect fury of speed because he is so lonesome.

FOUND! My Ideal Remedy for **HEADACHE**

Quick relief from the worst headaches. Capudine acts on nerves. It is quick and gentle. Quickest because it is liquid—its ingredients are already dissolved. For headache, neuralgia aches—periodic pains.

CAPUDINE

ASHAMED OF PIMPLY SKIN

Burned and Itched Until Cuticura Relieved!

Victims of external skin outbreaks use Cuticura for blessed, quick relief. Read this sincere tribute:

"I was ashamed to show myself anywhere with the ugly pimples I had. They were caused by some surface condition and were very large and red, and also hard. The itching and burning made me scratch so that they bled.

"I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I saw that it did me good and I bought some of the Soap and Ointment. It only took Cuticura a month to relieve me fully." Miss R. Zebrowski, 15 Alder St., Bristol, Conn.

Prove Cuticura today—and keep it always near you. Use for rashes, ringworms, burning and itching of eczema and other externally caused skin irritations. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. Samples FREE. Write to "Cuticura," Dept. 17, Malden, Mass.—Adv.

A TONIC AND BUILDER

Mrs. Grace Rhodes of 104 Second St., Charleston, W. Va., says: "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery certainly is a wonderful system builder. It is a tonic and builds up the system so that after using it you have more energy and feel ever so much stronger. It is our family medicine." Buy of your druggist today in liquid or tablet form, $1.25 size, or send 50c for trial package to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y.

EPILEPSY—FITS

Functional Nervous Diseases

To lessen the frequency and severity of the attacks. To produce restful sleep. To relieve of how long standing, use the Dr. Miles FOUND Regimen. Send for free booklet describing same. Read letters from Mrs. Kennedy Cole that I feel I owe Kennedy Cole's life to Dr. Miles' Nervine.

(Signed) Mamie Harris
Mount Carmel, Ill. R. C.

Thousands of our effective, sedative (nerve) Testimonials from throughout the U. S. and foreign countries.

Stop the treatment that is not helping you. Let us prove free to you the great merit of this remedy.

Read the following letter

"I am very glad to report that I haven't had any attacks of epilepsy since the third day I began your medicine. I can't begin to express in words my appreciation of what you have done for me." Mrs. Kennedy Cole

DR. MILES LABORATORIES, Inc.
1929 N. 3rd Street - Milwaukee, Wis.

WNU—4 17—36

Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

DO you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination, backache, headache, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pains, nervousness and puffiness under the eyes? Are you tired, nervous—feel all unstrung and don't know what is wrong?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood, and to poison and upset the whole system.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They are recommended the world over. You can get the genuine, time-tested Doan's at any drug store.

DOAN'S PILLS

Justice Ha... $10 a...

Earl A. ... peace of ... $10 for speed... husband ... sought to ... ly to drive ... traffic laws ... "Your fine w... this mine or ... asked wher... replied, "Th... night."

"Bl... Be...

KI... ON... VEG... boo...

3499

A Pla... No man ca... place in ... seeking shelter ...

Stop PAINFU... PRES...

Apply New Dr. Zino-pads on ... on your toes and ... calluses or bun... ute discomfort ... ging shoe pres... stopped. Nine ... hurt or cause ... Get a box of Dr. ... soft, waterproof ... drug, shoe or toi...

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Shiftless people ... They're past the ...

Bad Elimination? It Easily...

With the right ... proper exercise ... be rare, but a ... motions, how few ... Mr. Clyde Mc... recently wrote: ... "If I let myself ... he explains, "an ... with impure mat... take cold easily ... in a lot of ways ... two good doses ... It seems to clean ... and I feel like a ...

BLACK-D...

Don't be Tormented by ITCHY, BU... Rash

Don't give up ... Faithful use ... Glover's Mang... Medicine and ... Glover's Medi... Soap for the shampoo. Helps ward off ... sive Falling Hair ... Dandruff; promotes ... scalp health. 35c ... collar! Sold by all ...

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

No Need for "Morning" Illness!

"Morning sickness" ... acid condition. It ... effect by alkalizing ...

Why Physicians Prescribe Milnesia

These mind-flavored ... pure milk of magnesia ... the most pleasant ... wafer is approximately ... dose of liquid milnesia ... thoroughly, then ... acidity in the mouth ... digestive system ... plete elimination of ... cause gas, headaches ... a dozen other distressing ... Milnesia Wafers come ... 48, at 35c and 60c ... convenient tins for ... ing 12 at 20c. Each ... one adult dose of ... good drug stores sell ...

Start using these ... anti-acid, gently ...

Professional samples ... physicians or dentists ... on professional letterhead ... Inc., 4402 23rd St., ...

MILNESIA WAFERS

Original Milk of Magnesia

...thetic Gentleman

...nning Pollock

...ck. Channing Pollock ... WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

...a pleasant, likable youth ... ces, jobless and broke, ob... ...ompied summer home in ... seeking shelter from a ... storm. He makes himself ... years ago his father had ... ...ed the lad, Barry ... ack to the city ... not recollect ever hav... ...ousting at the fire ... the arrival of a ... chauffeur, Evans, a ... he learns that the ... the house, Jack ... the servants had never ... decides to bluff ... supposed parents have left. ... morning he is given ... ...ke "mocker." He opens it ... ...ck from the rail Jack ... not come, and returning ... ...ng the boy's father ... him into obscurity. Bar... ...ng intending to re... He orders Evans to take ... ...e, intending to disappear ...

...ER I.—Continued

...e Golf Club," replied the ... ...ce about three miles ...

...e Duke suggested, "if ... hurry, why don't you let ... there? Then Evans and ... back, and have another ... If Evans can't do any... ...d a mechanic from the ...

...e dances wonderfully." ...

...been taking him in, out of ... of her eye, and now she ... this complacent with a quiet ... was as subtle as her per...

...a few months ago," ...

...happened?"—with a disarm... "Did they want you to ...

...being very rude, my dear," ...ed admonished. "The truth ...Hilda's rather fed-up on our ... And she's heard a few stories about you."

...ed the car, the other side of the ...

...ggs Hambidge's car run... ...e Twin Boys Golf Club, ...ent to this job."

...what to do, Bates," he ... his man. "Come on; ...

...ound to look for the ...ges. She was whis... ...ess, the other side of the ...

...Shiftless trolled up the road: ... Bidder, aren't you?" the ...

...Barry could reply, she ...Your man told me. I ...cognized the car." ...son!" exclaimed the ...Florida, and I want to ...you've made it up with ...have you? You must ...speak of me. I'm bus...

...Barry considered dis... ...dentity. But what ... He could see Evans' ... half-seven ... between them and the driver's ...e waited to get to Mon...

...Curtis Hambidge?" he ...g said that he had been ...a yesterday's newspaper. ...plied the Judge. ...are—well, we've ...other since he came down ...decides to bluff ...father, Patricia. Pat, for ...it takes courage to call ...

...looked straight ahead. ...your father?" ...to Bad Nauheim," ...his, eh? Always ...would cut up again some ...forward, and wound ...brother behind Evans' ears. ...ad two top coat together ...from another mother. ...me about it—privately. ...only people in South... ...know that John Ridder's ...He wouldn't mention it, ...anyone else mention ...couldn't act that way ...," said; "no matter ...in Bad Nauheim. Probably for a ...couple of months. The real John Ridder isn't coming to Southampton."

...Stop at the railway station," he ...instructed the chauffeur. "I've got to see about my bag."

But, oddly enough, the bag hadn't arrived.

...big tan-leather suit case?" ...echoed the baggage-master. "You're going to have a hard time locating it, unless you can find your check."

"Must have dropped it from my pocket when I pulled out my railway ticket on the train," His Grace told Willetts at dinner. Willetts had been very apologetic about sending the man ...ter away for lunch. "It's cook, sir. She's new, and, what with the kitchen ...

"Don't worry," interrupted the Duke. "I had a capital time. But what are we going to do about clothes, Willetts?"

"Well," the butler responded, "there's your father's tailor, sir. Crowell, on Fifty-first street, just east of the Avenue. You could start an account there, sir. And Mr. Ridder Senior gets his haberdashery at Bartlett's, and his shoes at Kennedy's."

"All that takes time," Barry objected, "and I'm going out to dinner next Thursday. And Thursday's five days off. I haven't a shirt to my back, Willetts, or anything else but my father's purple pyjamas."

Willetts' face brightened.

"If you can wear those, sir, I don't see why you can't wear Mr. Ridder's linen—in an emergency, sir. There's a whole high-boy full of it in your closet, sir. And he's got a dozen summer suits in that cedar chest."

"Flannels, too?"

"Oh, plenty of flannels," answered Willetts. "And golf trousers. They're sure to fit."

Both men smiled.

Wonderful what a smile would do. His own broad grin undoubtedly explained the friendliness of the butler, and he himself had fallen victim to the same upturning of a pair of carmined lips. He had resented Patricia Hambidge whole-heartedly until she smiled. He still resented her, but he knew exactly how many days it was to Thursday.

The case against Evans was that he never smiled.

"What's the matter with Evans?" asked the Duke, using his fork on a morsel of sweetbread sous cloche.

"Matter, sir?"

"He seems morose," said the Duke.

"The fact is, Evans' wife is very ill, sir."

"In Patchogue?"

"Yes, sir. We left her there. That's what made us late last night."

"Go on."

"That's about all, sir. Mrs. Evans has been ill some time. It's a kind of anemia, sir. Evans didn't want to leave her. When he found he was coming out here—only yesterday, sir —he asked Mr. Ridder if he could bring Mrs. Evans. There's quite a big room over the garage. And Mr. Ridder said, 'Oh! He's—well, he's firm, Mr. Ridder is. I guess you know that, sir. And then Evans decided to put her up in the village for a few days. But she was taken bad at Patchogue, sir, and we had to leave her at a hotel. Evans was a good deal upset. They've only been married a few months."

"I see," said the Duke.

He thought about the matter all through dinner.

As he was quitting the table, "Willetts," he said, "I think you'd better tell Evans to go back to Patchogue, and get his wife. Tonight, if she's fit to travel. Or tomorrow morning. My father won't know anything about it, and it seems a pity to waste that room over the garage."

"Yes, sir," said Willetts. "Thank you, sir. Anything else I can do for you, sir?"

He went on thinking about it before the fire.

"Houses without people, and people without houses."

Funny world!

"If I belonged here—" the Duke repeated to himself.

"The trouble with people like my father," he ruminated, "and Pat, is that they don't know what it is not to have enough. They've never known, or they've forgotten. We must've experienced things to have any feeling about them. If you see a man shot, you're horrified. But if you read about fifty thousand men killed in battle, it doesn't mean much to you.

"My father—"

And, suddenly, he recalled that, when he said "My father," he was thinking of John Clarke Ridder.

For the twentieth time since the beginning of this astonishing adventure, his mouth spread itself into that broad grin.

"If I stayed here a month," he reflected, "I'd be calling the old man 'Dad.' Already, I'm calling the girl 'Pat.' Making myself at home—that's what I am. Better clear out after dinner next Thursday. Or after breakfast Friday. I'm simply ruining my appetite for baked beans!"

Willetts interrupted his meditations, "Evans would like to know if you'd see him, sir."

"Of course. Tell him to come up."

He had an embarrassing ten minutes with the chauffeur—embarrassing, but very heart-warming. The surly Evans was transformed. Barry never had seen anyone else so grateful. "You must have thought I was pretty grouchy this morning, sir, but it was worried sick. I kept thinking how the missis looked when I left her last night. I didn't dare quit, on her account. If it'd been just me, I've starved to be with her."

"There's likely to be an awful row when my father gets home," warned the Duke.

"We can clear out before then." Evans hesitated. "The missis ought to be all right in a few weeks. It's wonderful, this sea air."

"When do you want to go for her?"

"I telephoned from the village, and the doctor thinks she'd be all right to make the trip in the morning, sir."

"Tell you what we'll do," said the Duke. "I've got to go to town to get some clothes and things. I'll ride with you to Patchogue, and take the train there. You can bring Mrs. Evans home, and I'll take another train out from New York."

Evans tried to speak, but without success.

"That's all now. You can figure what train I get from Patchogue, and tell Willetts. Good night."

At the door, Evans turned.

"I'll get square with you for this some day," he said, and gulped hard, and left the room.

Mr. Crowell was most obliging, though a bit suspicious at first. John Clarke Ridder Senior's blue summer suit clung to his bogus son almost comically, and John Clarke Ridder of a Senior's shirt was choking him. "You made these togs for my father," the Duke remarked, "and I put 'em on this morning because I've just come up from Florida, and lost my baggage en route. I've got to have a suit by next Thursday. Can it be done?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Can you make a pair of flannel trousers by then?"

"I think so."

"Go to it," said the Duke.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

False Notes

By CATHARINE FOSS ALLEN

© McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service.

TONY GALWEY sat up in bed and rubbed his fingers through his thick black hair. "Gad! What a head!" he groaned. He swallowed for a few minutes in morning-after misery. His mind held only a picture of dark-brown waves with a white disk, small and oval, which advanced and receded, drifting up and down.

"What a fool," he muttered. He looked at the watch on his wrist. Nine o'clock. There was something this morning . . . Oh, yes, Mrs. Lingenfelt coming for the final sitting for her portrait at ten. You'd think a wife would see to it that her husband didn't get plastered the night before an appointment like that. And he looked around at the twin bed next to his. A cluster of chestnut curls on a white pillow and a mound of covers—that was his wife. The very thin voice which suggested to the back of his mind that she, Lanny, had protested often against his drinking, only served to increase his irritation.

"Quits," they had agreed. "Suits me fine," he had told her, "and now I'm going out to celebrate—alone, thank God."

The little white disk rose again from the brown waves before his eyes. It looked something like a face. Yes, that was it, a small white face. A girl's face. He began to see it now. Those round, trusting eyes. The delicate mouth. She was saying something . . . "Painter-man."

Oh, sure, it was a girl at the party last night. He remembered now. He had called her by some name and she had laughed and called him Painter-man.

The face faded. He looked at his watch. Quarter past nine. He'd better be getting ready for that fat old woman. "Old fool," he muttered. "Got to take off twenty years and fifty wrinkles and still make the portrait look like her. I wish I could paint her just as she is, the homely old bat. This isn't a job for an artist, it's a job for a laborer. False notes, that's what portrait painting is. Not art—false notes."

Now he remembered what he had been saying to that girl last night. That was it—false notes and true.

He had said to her, "You have a dainty face." He remembered her eyes as he told her that. They had opened in surprise. "Yes," he had continued, "dainty. And your colors are pink and pale blue. That dress you have on is all wrong." He remembered looking with disgust at the crimson blob below her face.

False notes. All of his life was that! He who thought he had dedicated his life to beauty. It was all wrong! Now, that girl last night. She would understand . . . But was she? He remembered tears in her eyes once. What was that about? Oh, yes, he had said, "Had you lived long ago, you'd have been consecrated to the church and gone weekly for your beating from the priest."

"And because I'm dead," she had said—and that was when tears had trembled in her eyes—"I am consecrated to a purpose and take my beatings, but not from a priest."

"If some man beats you," he recalled the swagger with which he had said it, "I'll fix him. You tell me and I'll fix him."

She had leaned over very close to him and said, "You could do it, Painter-man."

He seemed to remember trying to kiss her, then, but she had receded from him as her image receded now. He had to find her!

The bedroom was bright with morning sun. He threw back the bedclothes and planted his feet on the floor. He was between his bed and Lanny's. A blob of crimson over a chair caught his eye.

He looked down at the face on the pillow. His heart stopped. The little white face. As sweet as a child's. The dream face had been framed with chestnut curls—and he couldn't see them.

The eyes opened. The gray trusting eyes with the soft shadows in them. An instant like that, and then a vivid mask seemed to settle over her face.

Lanny sat up quickly in bed, and a laugh cut through Tony's concentration. A blatant laugh that clanged in his ears.

"Well," Lanny greeted him gaily. "Oh, my boy, you were priceless last night. You didn't even know me . . ."

Tony sat on the bed beside her, put sensitive fingers gently over her mouth. "Don't laugh, Lanny," he said quietly. Then he stopped and just looked at her. He saw the mask lift from her face and her white skin take on a transparent quality. "Last night," he said, and his low voice filled the stillness of the room, "a man fell in love with a woman—"

"A Painter-man with a nun?" she asked softly, and the shadows returned to her gray eyes. "Oh, Tony—" her arms were around his neck. He held her close, buried his face in the chestnut curls.

A laugh rose from her throat. A laugh like the sweet low rumble of a fluttering heart. "And I was so tired of being gay," she whispered.

Pigs Pay Church Debt

Delmar, Iowa.—Pigs donated by parishioners nearly paid off the debt on St. Patrick's church. Thirty-one of them, fattened by the congregation for a year, were shipped to Chicago and sold, the proceeds being applied on construction cost of the church.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
© Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for April 26

JESUS LOOKS AT WEALTH AND POVERTY

LESSON TEXT—Luke 16:19-31.
GOLDEN TEXT—The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all.—Proverbs 22:2.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus' Story of a Beggar Man.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Which Was the Rich Man?
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What Money Cannot Buy.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—How Can We Make Our Social Order Christian?

The topic as given by the Lesson committee is hardly a fair statement. The supreme message is the presentation of contrasted lives and destinies as assessed through the accidents of wealth and poverty. Lazarus was not entitled to heaven because he was poor, neither did the rich man reach the place of torment because he was rich. In this lesson two worlds are unveiled before us, disclosing extremes of character and conditions of personality in the world we see a rich man reveling in luxury and a poor man in sore affliction begging at the rich man's gate. In the other world we see the same men in reversed positions. Those lives were intended to be representative.

I. The Contrasted Lives (vv. 19-21).

1. The rich man (v. 19). He seems to have lived in a mansion secluded from the common people. He was clothed in costly raiment. He was served the richest food that could be provided. His sin was selfishly to indulge his appetites without consideration for others.

2. The beggar (vv. 20, 21). He was laid at the rich man's gate with the hope of getting all the crumbs from his table. The rich man gave him no consideration. The dogs of the street were more like to him than the rich man. Though destitute and helpless, the man's name is most suggestive. "Lazarus" means "God is a help," indicating that a godly life shone through his poverty. Worldly condition is not a sure test of a man's position in the sight of God. All rich men are not wicked and selfish, neither are all poor men godly.

II. Their Contrasted Deaths and Burials (v. 22).

1. The beggar. He was found dead and his body was hurried off to a pauper's grave. No notice was taken of his death by men. Doubtless the only loss to the world was that he was no longer to be seen at the rich man's gate.

2. The rich man. He also died. His gold could not bribe the messenger of death. Doubtless a costly funeral was held, attended by those who moved in his social circle, the officiating priest pronouncing great eulogies over him.

III. Their Contrasted Destinies (v. 23).

1. The beggar. He was at once carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. To souls of believers are especially cared for at the hour of death (Phil. 1:23). They go immediately to be with the Lord.

2. The rich man. Though he had an elaborate burial, he lifted up his eyes in hell being in torment. When the veil of futurity is lifted, we see the positions of these men are reversed. The poor man is in the company of just men made perfect because of his life of godliness on the earth, and the rich man is stripped of his purple and fine linen and cast into hell with all wicked men, because while on earth he lived only for selfish ends.

IV. The Reality and Fixedness of Life Beyond the Grave (vv. 24-31).

1. The cry for mercy (v. 24). Dives, which is the Latin name for "rich man," was now willing to claim relationship to Abraham. He was keenly conscious and the appetites which controlled him while on earth were still with him. Part of the torment of hell will be the cravings of appetite and lust with no means of their gratification.

2. Abraham's reply (v. 25). This reply cast the matter back upon the man's memory. He said, "Son, remember." The lashings of a guilty conscience will be most real in hell.

3. Their fixedness. Human destinies are fixed during this life. When one passes out of this life he enters into a condition unchangeable.

4. God's Word is the all-sufficient light (vv. 27-31). Dives now requested that Lazarus go on an errand of mercy to his brethren. He regarded the testimony of a spirit of more value than the Word of God. Many today are more willing to trust the rappings of a ghost than the sure Word of God. Abraham declared that God's Word is sufficient, that those who rejected Moses and the prophets would not repent though visited by one who had risen from the dead.

Hope

Every blade of grass, each leaf, each separate floret and petal, is an inscription speaking of Hope. Consider the grasses and the oaks, the swallows, the sweet blue butterfly—they are one and all a sign and token showing before our eyes earth made into life.—R. Jeffries.

Our Face Values

We stamp our own value upon ourselves, and cannot expect to pass for more.—Marden.